

DESTITUTE WIDOW LEFT IN BARE HOME BY FURNITURE FIRM

Installment House Takes Everything After Young Woman With Infant Had Paid \$125.

COURT HELPS HER OUT.

Money Is Recovered by Suit, After Summer Tragedy Ends Her Domestic Bliss.

Wonderful that for once the law was on the side of justice and mercy. Justice Lehman, Judge and Seabury, constituting the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, rescued Mrs. Charentine Headley, a widow with a seven-month-old baby, from a pitiable plight.

A week after the father of the baby, John Headley, an underpaid clerk, was drowned last July, the firm of furniture dealers from whom the Headleys had bought enough furniture on installments barely to fit up a tiny home, had descended upon the widow's refuge. When the furniture was departed all that was left to the bereaved young wife was a broken-hearted memory. Four bare walls and a cold, drafty floor, without so much as a rug, were the shelter of the mother with a baby just past his two months' birthday.

Alfred C. Cowan, an attorney, heard of the young widow's predicament, and legal proceedings against the furniture dealers followed, with the result that today the Appellate Term ordered the furniture men to pay Mrs. Headley \$124 and five cents costs.

LIVED HAPPILY ON \$15 WEEK TILL TRAGEDY.

When Jim Headley decided Charentine Simmons, the prettiest girl in Yorkville, was born to thrift sufficient to make even so meagre a sum as \$15 a week found a home and pay the butcher's and grocer's bills, they journeyed to the city hall. With a dollar for the license and another dollar for the alderman who made them man and wife—both dollars carefully pruned from John's envelope of the week before—they started on their home building.

Two little rooms and a bath were secured in an old flat building on the east side of Harlem. The bare necessities of furniture were bought on installments from Benjamin and August Waldman, furniture dealers. Charentine was a born housekeeper. It was the continual wonder and delight of the adjoining young husband to see how far she could make \$15 a week go toward table board. The installments on the furniture were paid with religious promptitude.

Then the baby was born. There was no increase in the salary envelope, but things ran well, for Charentine simply stretched her fragile point further and stopped putting the half-dollar a week into the savings bank. So well had they met the burdens of wedded life that on a weekend they had a delight of the adjoining young husband to see how far she could make \$15 a week go toward table board. The installments on the furniture were paid with religious promptitude.

COURT HITS FURNITURE PEOPLE FOR THEIR ACTION.

The holiday brought Charentine's happiness to an end. John had been working long hours to win promotion. The rain and heat and exertion of rowing were too much for him, and a stroke seized him when he pulled overboard from the shore. He tumbled overboard and was drowned. How she and the baby got back to the shore Mrs. Headley does not remember.

She told the furniture people of her sorry position, and they, she said, promised to let her have the furniture on credit and a bureau. But the installment men soon placed "business" above mercy, and one afternoon the furniture was dragged up the door, carrying away with it the last of the wrecked home.

Attorney Cowan learned the widow had already paid the furniture people \$125. When the law drove away the last of the wrecked home, he had paid \$125 in the world and nothing to show for the hard-earned installments she had paid so faithfully.

Mr. Cowan offered his services and brought suit in the Municipal Court before Justice Davies, where the jury returned a verdict of \$124 in Mrs. Headley's favor without leaving the court room. The furniture people appealed to the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court and to-day that court confirmed the verdict.

SWEARS SHE WED PORTMAN WHEN HE WAS GREENBERG.

Woman Makes Bigamy Charge Against Real Estate Man Who Sought to Marry Miss Norden.

More trouble came to-day for Isaac Portman, who is alleged to have had two wives already when he prepared last month to take to himself a third in the person of eighteen-year-old Miss Norden, whose wealthy papa objected. The Kings County Grand Jury returned an indictment charging Portman, involved before in questionable financial deals, with bigamy.

Mrs. Rachel Greenberg testified before the Grand Jury that Portman married her in 1888, when he was plain Mr. Greenberg. She applied for a separation, she thought, but the action really was for a divorce, and was successful. In seeking to have the divorce put aside it was learned that the interdictory decree never had been made final. Thus Portman's marriage to Miss Bertha Le Vine in 1908 was bigamous. Miss Le Vine—the only "Mrs. Portman"—asserts that it was upon Portman's obtaining from her relatives that Portman went into the real estate business and fitted out his Fifth avenue office.

Portman's arrest was the result of some detective work on the part of the older Norden, who in looking up his record learned of several deals warranting criminal action. Portman was taken into custody as he drove up to the Norden home in Riverside Drive triumphantly bearing Miss Norden in his arms.

Mrs. Corey's Dancing Wins Wild Bravos At Merry Send-Off Party at Sherry's



Wife of Steel Magnate Before Embarking on La Provence for Gay Paris Is Soul of Giddy Night Given by Friends.

After Turkey Trotting Has Held the Floor, Mrs. Corey Exclaims Amid Applause, "There Is No Land Like America, No City Like New York."

"Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" "But I said to go to-day!" "Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" "But—no—Paris!"

Now, why all this? Why, only that at 3 o'clock this morning, three hundred and eighty-yes, the number is exact—very, very gay merry-makers shouted the "Bravos" as Isabelle Gil-bog pardon—Mrs. William E. Corey danced.

The place? Sherry's. The time? Stated above. And now? Mrs. Corey is at sea—on La Provence.

But it all began to happen at 9 o'clock last night. If you dropped into Sherry's at that hour you were met with "Mrs. Corey's party."

And if, through possession of an invitation, you could say "yes" you found very soon that you were there.

IT WASN'T THE PROGRAMME THAT COUNTED.

It was all under the title—of a program given by Mrs. Grace Anderson, assisted by Mr. Andre Fouquieres and Miss Sara Gershak, both "Meadows" downstate, was right. It was "Mrs. Corey's party."

To be sure, the recital occurred. Mrs. Anderson demonstrated the art of accompanying Mrs. Minnie Parene-Berry, soprano, and Mr. Clarence Seward, baritone, sang.

Miss Ollivine Enlow played "L'Eclair" on the violin. Mrs. Beulah Thompson Jones read "The Princess of the Morning" and Miss Sara Gershak, in a series of interpretative dances indicated that rain was dropping, that lightning was flashing over Brooklyn Bridge and that, no matter what the weather man had to say about it, there was considerable thunder in the atmosphere.

There was then an entertaining intermission, after which Mr. Andre de Fouquieres, who had excessively dark hair described in French and pictures the city where the cocktail is a name only. Yes?

The above was a "color conference." Mr. de Fouquieres being the only conferee who expressed himself.

THE TURKEY TROT AND TANGO WERE THE THING.

And then, at midnight, came the dance—turkey trot and tango.

But Mrs. Corey was so much more than a dancer. She was a social leader. Mrs. Corey, aided with exquisite grace over the dancing floor, compelled them to say "for me," she exclaimed joyfully when the "bravos" were loudest, "for me that there is no land like America, no city like New York. If I could go back to the shore because my health demands it and—my voice!"

There were a great many very pretty girls at "Mrs. Corey's party."

Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, Mr. and Mrs. William Astor Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Knolls, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Daniel, Miss Fanny Cottent, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Corey, Mrs. Nordica Mene, Gadsdell, Miss Bella Allen, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, Miss Marbury, Miss Anne Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Ormond G. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. Edward N. Breitling and Miss Breitling.

PASSENGERS UNHURT.

Fabre Line Hears Explosion on Steamer Was Not Serious.

No passengers were injured when an uptake boiler exploded on the Fabre line steamer Madonna in the Mediterranean, according to a cablegram received to-day by James W. Elwell and Company, local agents for the line. The message, from the agents at Marseilles, said all the passengers were safe and that the accident was "not of a serious nature."

This contradicts a wireless dispatch received in London last night from Fayal and called here. This report said five persons lost their lives in the accident.

The Madonna left New York Jan. 5, with passengers and freight, for Algiers and Marseilles.

Red Cross Cough Drops.

BOLD BOY 'BANDITS' ROB MAN AND FIRE 3 BULLETS AT HIM

New Jersey Lads Quit Playing Cave Highwaymen and Try the Real Thing.

The village of Westwood, N. J., is all worked up to-day over the Steve Highway robbery case. Edward Kelly, son of J. H. Kelly, a former freeholder, a boy in knee breeches, Ferdinand Folcetto, twenty years old, son of the next door neighbors of Arthur J. Stever, and William Clark, nineteen years old, who has been known to the village for years as rather erratic, were arrested and are paroled in the custody of their parents.

According to Constable Thomas Dawson, they made a full confession of their crime last night in the presence of the Stever family and young Folcetto's parents.

Arthur J. Stever, Jr., who is an architect, has an office near the station at Westwood. His home is next door to that of his parents, half a mile from the station. Monday night, as he was walking home through the dark, after closing his office, he was confronted by four boys on the Yates bridge.

One of them poked a revolver into his face and said:

"Give us all you have and keep quiet."

Mr. Stever thought a joke was being played and laughed.

"He won't laugh so much in a minute," said a voice behind him.

The architect looked back and saw a boy creeping up with a long piece of lead pipe. He at once put up his hands and begged for mercy.

One of the younger boys thought it was Edward Kelly, though the faces of all were covered with black masks. They went through his pockets. They contained only \$1.50.

"On your way," said one of the robbers, after they were satisfied he had nothing left. "And keep quiet about this or we will kill you!"

Mr. Stever shouted back an angry retort. There were three shots and three bullets whistled over his head.

Constable Aaron Furse was at once called to the Stever home by telephone. He worked for two hours with Constable Dawson, and at 2 o'clock this morning three boys named by Mr. Stever were arrested.

Stammering and bawling, the three confessed and named three other boys—parties to the plot. They said they had a robber cave in the woods and had grown tired of merely reading about blood-curdling adventures and telling stories about them.

From the time the boys were pulled out of bed until nearly daylight, they sat on the edge of their chairs and little by little shamefacedly admitted their banding together for a succession of highway robberies, of which Mr. Stever was to be the first victim. All the time, the Folcetto boy's parents, in tears themselves, were begging him to tell the whole truth, holding back nothing. Mr. Stever has not seen him since, and had not suspected him; under questioning, the youngster gave up the name of William Tompkins, a well-to-do truck farmer, whose connection with the robbery had not been suspected by anybody. He has not yet been arrested.

Senators Backs Commerce Court.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The Legislative Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill carrying an appropriation of \$20,000 to continue the Commerce Court until June 30 was passed by the Senate to-day and now goes back to the House.

Ragged Wolf Found in Hall.

A six-month-old boy baby, dressed in rags, was found last night in the hallway of the apartment at No. 23 East 12th street. The police took the child to the Police House.

AUTO ORDINANCE TO BE REVISED AT MAYOR'S REQUEST

Folks Withdraws His Measure After Hearing Car Owners' Criticism.

The Folks automobile speed ordinance, on which the Mayor gave a hearing to-day, is to be withdrawn from his desk by the Aldermen to enable the making of changes suggested by the Mayor as the result of the hearing. The Mayor explained that he did not desire to veto the ordinance and probably would not do so, but he advised that the changes he made. Mr. Folks decided then to take the document back to the Aldermen.

Considerable opposition to the ordinance was expressed at the hearing. William W. Miller, Chairman of the Law Committee of the Automobile Club of America and other members of the club, spoke against many sections of the proposed measure.

A general opinion was that the limiting of speed in city thoroughfares should be made a matter of judgment. It would be criminal, one speaker said, to operate an automobile at two miles an hour in lower Broadway during the rush hours, although the proposed law prescribed a rate of fifteen miles an hour in city streets.

Mr. Miller opposed the section of the ordinance compelling an auto to come to a stop within six feet of the rear of a street car while passengers are alighting or embarking. If such a condition were demanded, he said, great congestion would follow. The Callan law, he added, covers this situation by requiring that vehicles slow down before passing standing street cars.

The section of the proposed ordinance requiring that automobiles not exceed a speed of ten miles an hour in passing school houses he declared to be too broad in its application, unjust to the chauffeur and discriminatory as well in applying to public schools, as against private and parochial schools; unjust because a chauffeur cannot determine when approaching a school house without drawing his attention from the road.

Mr. Miller, who was directing his car and ten broad because it states the hours "between 12 and 1 o'clock" when children go to or leave school houses. Police men are always now stationed at school houses during the time the children are arriving at or departing from school, he said.

He spoke of the liability of owners as contemplated under the proposed new ordinance. It would be unjust to imprison an owner for a violation when his chauffeur might be altogether to blame. The owner might discharge the offending chauffeur and hire another who might make a similar mistake.

"We must remember in this connection," added Mr. Miller, "that there are many cases where the owner and operator are one and the same person, and it would not be pleasant to contemplate their going to prison."

A private owner raised the point that if automobiles were required to come to a dead stop behind stalled street cars all the automobiles would be driven to Fifth or other avenues where there were no car tracks, with the result that a greater congestion than ever would result.

Another owner protested against the section of the ordinance permitting automobiles to be driven around street corners at a speed of ten miles an hour. He recommended that the rate be cut to four miles an hour.

Blighted Romance Blooms Again for Girl from Bolivia.

Uncle Sam Lets Miss Victor Leave Ellis Island With Her Beaming Fiance.

When pretty Marie Victor and her gleaming, golden hair and her beaming, big Mr. Holknep were last seen, this afternoon, it looked very much as if one apparently tumbling romance, over which she wept and he howled, yesterday, was still in good working order.

Marie came here to work for Ross L. Holknep, a young mining engineer, living on West 10th street. She was a native of Bolivia, a native of the United Fruit Company's line, and was met at the pier by her fiance. Then an immigration inspector came along and wanted to know what brought Miss Victor to the United States.

She told him and then he wanted to know if Mr. Holknep was going to marry her. He said yes. It was an interesting question for the young engineer. He hesitated and said he was not sure his fiancée's condition was such he could plunge at once into matrimony.

Marie weeping, was taken to Ellis Island, and Mr. Holknep said he had a very important business engagement and could not go along and that he would be back for her.

But to-day was a different sort of a day altogether. The record of several days ago, Marie's fiance, had been found dead.

CARS IN YONKERS RUN TO-DAY; STRIKE TO BE ARBITRATED

Men Go Back to Work After Whitridge Agrees to Consider Demands.

The street car strike which, since Jan. 1, has made pedestrians and travelers by railroad of Yonkers residents, ended to-day at approximately its starting point, with both sides agreeing to operate the tied-up lines while arbitrating their differences.

Following the example of President Whitridge, who agreed last night to the proposition submitted by the Public Service Commission of the Second District, the strikers voted to go back to work, and when they left the hall it was to hurry home to luncheon, put on their uniforms and prepare to assemble ready for duty in City Square.

Shortly before 5 o'clock the strikers began to go into the cars. They were in uniform and were ready for work. Before entering the cars the strikers were crowded with citizens. Manager Sutherland made an address to the men in the cars while the great throng outside, numbering probably 5,000 persons, waited patiently for the cars to start.

The first car left the barn at 2:30 o'clock amid a great cheering and waving of hats. It was a Nepera Park line car and was the very one on which all the trouble started. It was manned by John Smith and Frank Shannon, the two men who refused to break in Samuel Markiewicz as a motorman because he was a non-resident, and who in that way started the strike.

As the first car went out the village of Hastings was notified by telephone and a rocket was sent up there to make public announcement that a car was being run. By 3 o'clock the cars on all lines will be in full operation.

No less than eight business houses have been forced into bankruptcy, as a result of the car strike, and residents of Yonkers employed in New York have been put to great inconvenience and expense.

Until the matter has been arbitrated, the status of the men will be as before. Mr. Markiewicz apparently has been lost in the shuffle.

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POLICE WOMAN'S PISTOL ROUS GANG AND SAVES GIRL

Mrs. Hatfield, Probation Officer, Drives Back Hostile Band of Foreigners.

Mrs. Marie Hatfield, probation officer attached to the Manhattan Avenue Court in Williamsburg, found herself early to-day in the most acute moment of peril of all her official career when, with a leveled revolver, she forced a group of threatening foreigners, who had looked her in a tenement room at No. 228 North Fifth street, Williamsburg, to fall back, and she made her escape.

The doughty little court officer also rescued from the clutches of the desperate men who had held her prisoner pretty little Fanny Martino, who was being forced into a marriage against her heart and will.

Yesterday Fanny appeared before Magistrate Dodd in the Manhattan Avenue Court and told him that her father, Emilio, was trying to force her to marry a man three times her age. She loved a youth who was only twenty-two, Fanny declared, and had been driven from the marriage bureau to marry him, but had failed. Her father, learning of her effort, had threatened to kill her, the olive-skinned little person stammered in fear. He had beaten her and had sworn that if she did not marry the man of his choice she would never live to be the wife of another, she said.

The Magistrate issued a summons, and since Mrs. Hatfield had interested herself in the girl's case he gave it to the probation officer to serve. Fanny told Mrs. Hatfield that her father always went to work about 7 o'clock and if she could not get to the house on North Fifth street before that hour if she would serve the summons.

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FINDS HERSELF LOCKED IN A ROOM.

So this morning before 7 o'clock Mrs. Hatfield went outside the house and went with her to a dining room on the second floor. It was evident that some inkling of the girl's strategy had escaped her father's ears, for when she heard a key turn in the door behind her and found herself a prisoner. Seven or eight men and women stood between herself and the single avenue of escape; one of them was the aged aunt whose bid for Fanny's hand had started the trouble.

Mrs. Hatfield is a little woman, but her nerve is of a proportion that many big men envy. When she found herself confronted by several scowling men and frowning women who chattered at her in an alien language and made signs to her that she would not be allowed to take Fanny away she acted quickly.

She had carried in the loose sleeve of her coat—in a pocket prepared for just such emergencies—a small but wicked looking revolver. With a shrill movement of her right hand the nerve little probation officer whipped the weapon from its hiding place and leveled it at the knot of menacing people before her.

"Tell them, Fanny," she ordered in a quiet, level tone, "that you and I are going away from here and the first person that touches us get a bullet through the heart. All I tell them that I can shoot—and will without an instant's hesitation."

Fanny, trembling so that she could hardly whisper, translated Mrs. Hatfield's message. The words proved strong emphasis to the snub-nosed revolver barrel which was bearing witness to the tremor of the heart of the former man in the gang. Everybody faded away from the door and Fanny unlocked it.

"Now, Fanny, you go downstairs first and I'll follow," came the low command.

AND NOW FANNY WILL WED THE MAN SHE LOVES.

Fanny slipped out of the door and the probation officer, her revolver always covering the cowering, black, scowling men in the room, backed slowly out of the door. She closed it behind her with a bang and went step by step down stairs, her face always turned toward the door that had shut her off from imminent trouble.

When Fanny and the probation officer reached the street both fled to the Manhattan Avenue Court. There Martino, who had been picked up by a policeman, was arraigned later and held for further examination.

When Magistrate Dodd heard the whole story and had received Fanny's assurance that she was four months over sixteen years of age he sent Mrs. Hatfield with her and her aunt to the Marriage License Bureau to insure Fanny's getting the treasured right to wed. Fanny will marry to-day.

There wasn't the slightest reason in the world for keeping her out of New York. Ten minutes later, she was finishing the last part of her journey from La Paz, Bolivia, to Uncle Sam's country. She stood on the deck of the Immigration Department's ferry-boat, in the midst of a crowd of aliens, whose dirtiness and ineptness were thrown into relief by the side her own aristocratic figure and the wonderful masses of burnished gold piled on top of her head.

And right there, on the Battery wharf, Mr. Holknep was waiting. He had a cab and he hurried Miss Victor into it and said something to the cabby that made him smile and crack a whip so that the tired-looking steed woke up and rattled northward faster than even a racer could run.

The last glimpse caught of Miss Victor and Mr. Holknep, certainly indicated that the romance was not dead.

HURRICANE STRUCK BIG LINER, CRUSHING BOATS TO KINDLING

Worst Storm in Skipper's Memory Hit Kaiser Wilhelm II., Two Days Late.

Two days late, the North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm II. steamed into the bay this afternoon with her upper works in a tangle and her passengers pale and wearily on their feet. There were 400 in the cabins and 617 in the stowage, and every soul of them had looked into the wrath and menace of a storm such as has seldom been seen at sea by people who have lived to tell of it.

Capt. O. Coppers, who on his return to Europe will retire from the sea after forty-five years of experience, felt free to say that he had never seen such a storm as that through which he had brought the big ship. Charles M. Schwab, steel millionaire and globe trotter, said that in crossing the ocean 112 times he had never been through anything which even suggested that the wind could blow so hard and the waves run so high and with such angry power.

The trouble began last Tuesday when a southwest gale rolled up long, sullen rollers which put most of the passengers below and made them feel like sailing away from their meals. Friday the waves began breaking and paving at the lifeboats and before night many of them had been wrenched out by their loosened lashings and threshed to kindling wood.

Capt. Coppers sent six sailors out to try to save some of the boats. A great wave caught them and swept them down the deck. He thought they had gone overboard, but as the ship heaved aside, slipping down the far side of the wave, he saw them rolling like logs in the back wash. The rail had saved them. Twenty other men scurried out and dragged them in. They were senseless, some of them, and all of them were bruised and cut. There was no further effort to put men on deck.

The twist of the hurricane—Capt. Coppers thinks he must have been in the centre of the storm which made its mark on so many ships in mid-ocean last week—turned the force of the storm around to the west-northwest. The ship twisted and dived and skittered like a seal at play in a tank. On Saturday only five of the 40 cabin passengers appeared in the dining saloons. And the veteran sailor, Charles M. Schwab, by his own rueful admission was not among them.

HURRICANE BREAKS WIND-MEASURING INSTRUMENT.

The captain's estimate of the height of the waves was that they ran over forty feet. The spray as the waves broke was thrown a hundred feet in the air and fell on the decks in continuous pounding masses, as heavy as the broken volume of water at the feet of a high wind-blown waterfall. The barometer fell until it could fall no further and ceased recording. The wind measuring machine broke down recording 100 miles an hour; it blew harder after that. The Capt. Coppers said it reached 125 miles an hour repeatedly.

Since Sunday the ship travelled more easily and was able to increase her speed slightly. It had been reduced at the height of the storm to steering headway, so that on Saturday she made but 13 miles an hour. But she was inside Sandy Hook before the great fury of her passengers crawled out of their staterooms.

STEAMSHIP WRECKED WITH 139 PASSENGERS CANNOT BE REACHED

VIGO, Spain, Jan. 14.—The British steamer Veronesi with 139 passengers on board, went ashore to-day off Lizard, the outpost of Oporto. A high sea was running late this afternoon and the vessel could not be reached by boats.

Efforts were being made to rescue the passengers and crew by means of life-lines thrown from the shore.

The Veronesi, which is owned in Liverpool by the Lamport and Holt Line, was on the voyage from Glasgow, Scotland, to Brazil and thence to New York.

APPRAISALS OF ESTATES.

New Report Made on John A. Singer Properties.

Deputy State Comptroller Wallace S. Fawcett transmitted the following appraisal of estates under the inheritance tax law to-day to the transfer tax office of the Surrogate's Court.

John A. Singer, died Sept. 3, 1911. Report of Appraiser Garvin, reappraising this estate, shows a gross estate amounting to \$255,573. An appeal was taken from the former appraisal and the reappraisal was ordered by Surrogate Cochran.

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NOTABLE CROWD SEES OLIVE MAY WED LORD VICTOR

Presence of Nobleman's Family Indicates They Will Introduce Actress to Society.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—With one of the most elaborate weddings of the London season, Miss Olive May, an American actress this afternoon was married to Lord Victor Paget, brother and heir-presumptive of the Marquis of Anglesey, at All Saints Church, Fiddington. Hundreds of notable women and men of England were present, including the Marquis of Anglesey, the Marchioness, Lady Paget and other highly connected relatives, demonstrating the truth of the statement that the bridegroom's family had accepted the musical comedy star unconditionally and would introduce her into society.